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Chapter 1 by TraderVic12

The last ray of the sun had died out leaving the room bathed in dim candlelight. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and a voice. Though he words were indistinguishable, Evans recognized the speaker without thought. It was Devon.

This guy knew how to seperate weeds from soil.

Evans heard the gun being cocked behind his door. Guess noone was safe in this day and age.

He dropped the pen on the desk, the light of the candle reflected on his name grafted on the hilt.

He quickly touched the wick with his fingers to put out the lights. The pug rised his years, as if it knew it was time to go on a small mission

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 12

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